# VENGEANCE

AGAINST

# Bloody Murtherers,

IN

The great and Wonderful Judgements upon Col.

# JOHN BARKSTEAD

Late Lieutenant of the Tower of *London*, to that Grand Usurper and Tyrant, *Oliver Cromwell.*

With a brief Description of his Life, his strange Pilgrimage beyond the Seas; and his sundry strange Attempts, Designes, and practises:

As also, the most hideous and infernal Spirits, walking and crying for Justice, openly to the people at the Town of *St. ALBANS.*

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## AGAINST

# Bloody Murtherers.

HE whoſe Reaſon followes the tracks of his Paſsions, is as he that is guided by a falſe light; and as this, ſo that, cannot but lead a man into the plaſhes of ruine and ſhame: if Covetouſneſs (for example) hangs out a Lanthorn to ſhew us to gain, the Reaſon by that Paſsion being inveagled, mindes not ſo much the lawfulneſs of the means to obtain, as an irregular greedineſs to the end to be obtained; thus Murder, that Brat in ordinary to the Magical ſperm of the iraſcible paſsions regards not (like the Parents from whom ſhe falls) ſo much the cauſe, as the perſon, and ſometimes not ſo much the perſon as the cauſe for whom ſhe pretends; and this diverſity in the effect proceeds meerly from the diverſity of the

cauſes, for as the Paſsions are diverſly diſtinct from themſelves, ſo may the effect though one and the ſame, be varied for divers ends and conſiderations; but becauſe an Argument of this kind may depend upon many anteceedent ſpeculations, I ſhall forbear all things in this kind except ſuch as what the judgement of God has met withall in all ſtories of his juſtice & particularly in this, which every conſcientious Reader both from the principles of his Religion and Philoſophy (I hope) will be ingaged to peruſe and diſown, as diſſonate to his proper canons and Rules; the deſtroying of any exiſtence ſo nearly relateing to the Deity as that of man, which by a very eaſie Logick may be proved to be; rejoyce and mourn as the impulſive cauſes urge, rejoyce in that the vindictive juſtice of God fights againſt the Rebells of life, and the ſeed of Cham and mourn, in that ſuch execrable facts ſhould be comitted by ſuch perſons who are thought to own no leſſe of reaſon than thoſe upon whom ſuch Facts are Committed, the Enſuing diſcourſe is this.

Of licenſed and private Murtherers, the one *John Barkſtead* formerly Lieutenant of the *Tower*, the other a private perſon of many names; but I will begin with the moſt notorious.

*John Barkſtead* that Baron of rebellious chivalrey, becauſe he would have all his ſins dyed, and wear the ſanguine livery which the field of an unnatural war againſt his Prince waſhes them in, puts on repentance (which being a divine virtue otherwiſe in him

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a notorious vice) in that he cannot repeat his bloody leſſons to the ſame advantage and unwarrantable fame which he firſt learned in his own Country againſt it. The preferment unto which he was craned up by unhappy ſucceſſes here, has depreſſed him much elſewhere, as if

*Tollunter in altum*
*ut lapſu graviori ruant.*

*The higher any thing is thrown with the more force it will fall,* were predetermined as the abſolutely unqueſtioned Truth, becauſe by her adverſaries it has been ſo much neglected; He could not be Lord enough in *England* to make him miſerable enough in other Countreys, yet ſo much greater are his extremities that the triumphs of Divine revenge againſt murther have proved them ſo, whence I perceive that a man may be intemperate and ſurfet as much upon fortune, as upon delicates, and as a perſon may contract diſeaſes by the one, ſo may miſery be contracted by the other. He that could boldly wade in the ſtream of whatſoever the world might ſtile happy, is now out of his depth, and forced to ſwim in a tyde of ſwift diſtreſs, for he is very poor and diſpicable; and yet as Phyſitians judge them the more ſick, who think themſelves not to be ſo, ſo is his condition the more wretched in regard his ſence thereof is weak and obtuſe he (like the *Jewes*) is obſtinate in all fortunes and is onely ſorry that he cannot conquer every thing but himſelf; for this may we look up to heaven, and

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read ſatisfaction in the very ſtars, for he whoſe will has never been reſiſted will keep it ſo ſtill, and has ſhowred down theſe obdurate qualities upon him as he did upon ſtupid *Pharaoh*; Is not this the Legend of a life to be deplored? a condition that will glimmer till the laſt ſpark? Alas poor man! whether wilt thou hurry thy ſelf? Is not God an immutable Judge? he will execute his intentions upon thee and thy audacious formalities ſhall not carry it off? Thou wer't at beſt but as a ſhaddow, ſo does thy profound calamities make thee now to walk as a Ghoſt, and antedate death, in the vigor of a liveing ſkeleton. And becauſe every Newgate-bird muſt have his mate, throw to him that Murtherer with many names to whom the modeſty of the Writer can afford none, whoſe ſtory I ſhall relate thus.

In *Harfordſhier* in the Town of St. *Albans* at the ſigne of the Green-man dwelt a perſon whoſe name was *Baſs*, who lived many years happily with his deareſt wife whom he tendered as himſelf (as indeed his uſual phraſe was) but at length their Sun-ſhine of happineſs had clouds of misfortune at the heels of it as will appear in this enſuing diſcourſe; for the good old man fell ſick to the great greife of his loving wife who neglected no means that could be uſed for his reſtauration either by night or day, ſparing no coſt nor travel; but all to no purpoſe; for he was paſt the recovery of man, death having ſo ſurely ſeized on him that in ſhort time he yielded up his Breath, leaving his widow rich but very much troubled becauſe of his death

death nor would ſhe be comforted by her deareſt friends living, bewailing his end continually, taking greateſt comfort when ſhe had moſt time to lament his loſs, Tears and ſighs declaring her to be greatly grieved, and as deep conceited ſorrows are like Sea-Ivie which the older it is, the deeper root it hath, ſo were hers for in proceſs of time ſhe was ſo much wedded to her ſorrow that ſhe valued not her friends nor neighbours, which ſorrow led her into a churliſhneſs, and that fed up a coveteous humour within her, ſo that ſhe became altogether enclined to gain, turned away her ſervant to ſave her purſe.

Her nigardly life and imagined riches gave occaſion of diſcourſe to the whole Town and not onely to that Town but to the neighbouring Villages, which as is ſuppoſed was the cauſe of her untimely end, for being one evening alone, a villain took occaſion to come in to drink, and ſhe filling him a quart of drink he drank it, and ſhe coming to take her pot he lifting up the quart pot knocked her down, and then with a chopping knife which lay by, he finiſhed this bloody Tragedy, but when he thought himſelf in the midſt of his jollity juſtice knocked at the door. And being ſuſpected, he was immediatly apprehended, and hurried to the Goal where he now remains to anſwer his horrid crime at the next aſſiſes.

Since the bloody perpetration of this bloody Act the Ghoſt of the ſaid goody *Baſs* hath been a terrour to all the inhabitants of the Town, with groans, and ſcritches

scritches, and cries, and hath not left so much as the prison unsearcht, where she hath so affrighted the wife and child of *Samuel Story* the Gaoler that he was faln to remove them and she so disturbs the prisoners with ratling their chains, clapping their doors, with howlings, and hideous noises that the fear of her seems to them worse then their imprisonment; from thence she hath been seen neer the evening to take her journey to the Market place in her red wast-coate (as was her usual garb being alive) to the great astonishment of all that see her.

Thus have you heard a true Relation, of this murder, but yet not to be compared to the least of those many murders which have been perpetrated by the forementioned *John Barkstead* who being set on by our three grand enemies, the world the flesh, and the Divel too many years had his Markets in these Kingdoms, fomenting Rebellion, murder theft, and all other enormous crimes.

FINIS.